

LINDBERGH'S OWN STORY OF EPOCHAL FLIGHT; TEMPTED TO TURN BACK, KEEPS ON IN STORM; ASKS FISHING BOAT: 'AM I ON ROAD TO IRELAND?'

IN FLOODED AREAS MAJORITY OPPOSES AN EXTRA SESSION

Engineers, Bankers and Scientists Answer The Times's Query on Subject.

MANY DEPRECATE HASTE

Think Congress Unable Properly to Handle Problem Without Definite Data.

SOME AFRAID OF POLITICS

General Agreement Is That Relief Is Being Handled Efficiently by the Red Cross.

Sentiment among representative engineers, bankers and scientists in the principal cities and towns of the flooded Mississippi Valley areas who have replied to a telegraphic inquiry by THE NEW YORK TIMES is generally opposed to calling an extra session of Congress to deal with flood relief and flood prevention. While many wired that they were opposed to an immediate special session they expressed the hope that Congress would be called in November to adopt protective measures before the seasonal rise of waters in the Mississippi Valley begins in December. Of thirty-three replies twenty were opposed to an extra session.

Opposition to an extra session of Congress is based for the most part on the ground that no comprehensive rehabilitation plan could be submitted immediately. Furthermore, there exists a fear that the whole problem of flood relief and prevention might be made a football of politics.

Both those favoring and opposing an extra session pay high tribute to the relief work of the Red Cross and Secretary of Commerce Hoover. It is suggested by many that they have demonstrated their ability to handle the situation.

Frequently the suggestion is made that the President should appoint a fact-finding commission to study the situation and make a comprehensive report.

Question Asked by New York Times. The replies were in response to the following telegram sent by THE NEW YORK TIMES:

In some quarters it is held that an immediate session of Congress is advisable to formulate plans for flood prevention and relief. In others this is as strongly opposed, it being held that relief can be encompassed by the Red Cross and that flood prevention plans can better be formulated in the summer of an extra Congress meets in regular session.

THE TIMES requests you, as an acknowledged expert on the economic, engineering and scientific phases of floods and their relief and prevention, to send us a collect telegram giving your opinion on this issue. We request the opinion of an extra session of Congress or what other relief measures and their extension do you suggest as immediate?

The replies are as follows:
World Aitkin Spillway Board Report. A. B. WOOD, Engineer, Louisiana Spillway Board, New Orleans—1 do not believe an extra session of Congress advisable. Legislation should await the receipt of the recommendations of the Spillway Board of the Mississippi River Commission and other bodies appointed to consider the flood. I believe that these reports could be consolidated and presented to Congress at the regular session in December.

Personally I believe that spillways are advisable in the Mississippi River below the junction of the Atchafalaya.

GEVAIS LOMBARD, Assistant State Engineer and Member of the Board of State Engineers of Louisiana, New Orleans—We officials charged with the supervision of the construction and maintenance of levee systems in Louisiana are still completely engrossed in high water fight, which is at its peak at present, but urge all forward thinking people and our statesmen to instant action looking toward the quickest possible provision of means to close the gaps which have already been torn through the levees. To replace the sections of levee which caving banks have eliminated and to remove and rebuild the thousands upon thousands of other defective places which were weakened under the strain but which were held by dint of sheer force and determination both within this State and throughout the valleys affected. Local means for raising sufficient funds to restore the open holes and breaches in levee systems are altogether inadequate and the high water.

Great Earthquake Recorded 7,500 Miles From Washington

WASHINGTON, May 22 (AP)—A gigantic earthquake, estimated to have occurred between 7,500 and 7,800 miles from Washington, was recorded tonight on the seismograph of Georgetown University. The disturbance, Director Tondorf of the observatory said, began at 5:47 P. M., was still in progress at 8:15 and probably would continue for two hours or more. Director Tondorf could not trace the direction of the earthquake, but said it "must be one of the biggest we've had in years." The seismograph needle, he said, was thrown from the instrument several times, indicating the seriousness of the disturbance.

HOLY NAME PLEDGE RECITED BY 70,000

Cardinal Hayes Addresses the Largest Gathering Ever Held by Catholic Society.

DEMONSTRATION OF FAITH

Warren Leads 3,000 Police Members to a Rally of 330 Branches in Yankee Stadium.

Speaking at the largest Holy Name Society gathering ever held, Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, yesterday commended more than 70,000 members of the society for their opposition to obscenity and blasphemy in the Yankee Stadium, where men from ten counties in New York State assembled. It was the first rally of the society as a whole in the Archdiocese.

Cardinal Hayes traced the influence of the Holy Name from the beginning of Christianity, declaring that it was a powerful factor in exploration and civilization.

"Unfortunately, we have suffered recently from a plague of obscenity, blasphemy and perjury, which with brazen effrontery stalked abroad in public and challenged the deencies and moralities of society," he said. "Today's solemn assembly is a prayer of reparation for such offenses. New York, great and mighty as it is, witnesses at this time an unprecedented religious demonstration, profoundly sincere, sublimely simple. It is an act of faith in the beauty and power of the sacred name of the Saviour of mankind."

Cardinal Hayes expressed his deep appreciation of the gathering, calling it a marvelous demonstration of faith. He said that the Archdiocese of New York, with a notable tradition behind it, had reached a "sublime moment in its history" yesterday. Declaring that the moral fibre of a people tests the strength and endurance of a nation, he said that reverence for God and a conscientious adjustment to the rights and prerogatives of other men were paramount and plain obligations.

Antidote for Social Evils. The Holy Name Society is the antidote for all social evils, said Surrogate John P. O'Brien in his address. He said that religion was being cast out of universities and schools, and declared that family, after family, had been made desolate by the absence of religion.

"Music and art have been prostituted to foul and degrading purposes," he continued. "Modern youth is beset with pitfalls and lures never known in any other epoch, through a debauched stage and screen. As we stood aghast at such conditions under which our youth have scarcely a chance, we asked for remedy. It stands for clean living and obedience to God."

Charging that the divinity of God was flouted nowhere so much as in the city of New York, he said that the fact that there was no Holy Name Society in the New York Bar Association was a disgrace. He said that the Holy Name Society is the greatest and surest medium for the application of the spirit of the law to the life of the individual.

\$25,000 Pledge to Seminary. Joseph P. Mitchell, former President of the Archdiocesan Union, presented a \$25,000 Holy Name pledge to St. Joseph Seminary, which will be used for the education of Catholic priests. Peter J. Maloney, President of the Archdiocesan Union, made a brief speech of appreciation.

HERO OF THE HOUR IN PARIS

Lindbergh Is Hailed by Huge Crowds and Gets Regal Honors.

FELICITATIONS FLOOD HIM

Kings, Governments, Ministers and Diplomats Join in Tributes to His Courage.

"FEELS FINE" AFTER SLEEP

In a Borrowed Suit, Modestly Tells of Adventure, Calling Landing Greatest Danger.

By EDWIN L. JAMES.
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PARIS, May 22.—The thousands of Parisians crowding about the American Embassy, the other thousands at Le Bourget trying to get a glimpse of the Spirit of St. Louis, the American flag over the Louvre and the Quai d'Orsay and the tens of thousands of words of newspaper eulogy—these were some of the ways in which the French capital today made a hero of the sandy-haired, tousled-headed American who alighted last night after his record-breaking flight from New York to Paris.

Captain Lindbergh arose from a well-earned sleep about 1 o'clock this afternoon, and I had the privilege of talking with him while he ate an American breakfast of grapefruit, bacon and eggs and coffee in a small room on the second floor of the embassy overlooking the beautiful gardens of the Trocadero.

We discussed his flight at length as he dictated to a stenographer his special story published elsewhere in THE NEW YORK TIMES.

He is 25 years old, but he looked 18 today, and in a suit of clothes lent to him by Parnely Herrick, the son of the Ambassador, which made small pretense of being a good fit, the gallant aviator looked the picture of the typical American farmer boy. Modestly itself, he smiled scornfully at suggestions that he go into the movies or on the vaudeville stage. It was quite plain that that was about the last career he had shaped for himself.

Could Have Flown to Vienna. Out of an hour's conversation with him three points stood out boldly with regard to his great exploit.

First, he could have gone on to Vienna, his gasoline supply and his energy being amply equal to the task.

Second, the explanation of how he kept so well to his course and hit the Irish coast only three miles from the theoretical right point aimed at.

Third, that the greatest danger he had in the whole experience was the

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Lindbergh's First Call Is on Mme. Nungesser; She Kisses Him and He Strengthens Her Hopes

PARIS, May 22.—The first moments that Captain Charles Lindbergh spent outside the American Embassy today were taken up with a dramatic visit to the simple home of Mme. Nungesser, the mother of the lost French ace who, two weeks ago today, disappeared into the fogs of the Atlantic. This graceful gesture has earned for the bushy-haired boy from the West the undying affection of the whole French nation.

Like wildfire the news of the visit, thought to be unknown to any one except the immediate household of the Ambassador, spread throughout the simple quarter of the Boulevard du Temple where Mme. Nungesser occupies a little sixth-floor apartment in one of the oldest apartment buildings in Paris.

Lindbergh Is Our Best Envoy, Herrick Cables to President

Special to The New York Times. WASHINGTON, May 22.—Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to Paris, sent the following message today to President Coolidge: "All France is deep in joy at Charles Lindbergh's brave flight. Your message was such a worthy tribute. "If we had deliberately sought a type to represent the youth, intrepid, adventurous, of America and the immortal bravery of Nungesser and Coli, we could not have fared as well as in this boy of divine, ingenuous and simple courage."

LINDBERGH TALKS TO MOTHER BY PHONE

Sitting in Her Detroit Home, She Converses With Him in Paris.

'TRIP WONDERFUL,' HE SAYS

Congratulations From High and Low the World Over Pour In on Her.

Special to The New York Times. DETROIT, May 22.—Over more than 4,300 miles of land and sea the voice of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, the most talked of man in the world today, traveled—this morning to the modest little home of his mother, Mrs. Evangeline Lodge Lindbergh, at 178 Ashland Avenue. And over these miles of radio waves and telephone wire the mother heard that his trail-blazing flight from New York to Paris had been accomplished with ease.

"Hello, mother," were the first words that passed after the operator had signaled that all was well.

"The trip over was wonderful," the voice on the Paris end continued. "I am feeling fine; do not worry about me."

"Well, take care of yourself," counseled Mrs. Lindbergh. "Get plenty of rest, for you have gone through a tremendous strain."

A few more words regarding subjects of personal interest were transmitted. Then the young man again assured his mother that all was well with him, and the conversation ended.

Mrs. Lindbergh had refused to make arrangements to talk with her son late Saturday, fearing that he might lose some sleep to make the call. But when she answered the telephone on Sunday morning and a voice said, "This is Paris," she knew that she was soon to hear from his own lips a short story of his daring venture.

Grateful to French People. She encountered difficulty in hearing him and at times his voice was relayed through London. But she was assured by London that he was hearing her perfectly.

"I think it is wonderful the way

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CALLED 'LUCKY,' BUT SAYS LUCK ISN'T ALL

Modestly Shares Credit With Plane and Engine Builders, Adding: 'I Hope I Made Good Use of What I Had.'

THE IRISH COAST WAS 'A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT' TO HIM

After That It Was Easy—Won't Repeat the Hazardous Trip, but Wants "To Do a Little Flying" Over There.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES A. LINDBERGH.
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Special Cable to The New York Times. PARIS, May 22.—Well, here I am in the hands of American Ambassador Herrick. From what I have seen of it, I am sure I am going to like Paris.

It isn't part of my plans to fly my plane back to the United States, although that doesn't mean I have finished my flying career. If I thought that was going to be the result of my flight across the Atlantic, you may be sure I would never have undertaken it. Indeed, I hope that I will be able to do some flying over here in Europe—that is, if the souvenir hunters left enough of my plane last night.

Incidentally, that reception I got was the most dangerous part of the whole flight. If wind and storm had handled me as vigorously as that Reception Committee of Fifty Thousand I would never have reached Paris and wouldn't be eating a 3 o'clock-in-the-afternoon breakfast here in Uncle Sam's Embassy.

There's one thing I wish to get straight about this flight. They call me "Lucky," but luck isn't enough. As a matter of fact, I had what I regarded and still regard as the best existing plane to make the flight from New York to Paris. I had what I regard as the best engine, and I was equipped with what were in the circumstances the best possible instruments for making such efforts. I hope I made good use of what I had.

That I landed with considerable gasoline left means that I had recalled the fact that so many flights had failed because of lack of fuel, and that was one mistake I tried to avoid.

Weather Almost Made Him Turn Back.

All in all, I couldn't complain of the weather. It wasn't what was predicted. It was worse in some places and better in others. In fact, it was so bad once that for a moment there came over me the temptation to turn back. But then I figured it was probably just as bad behind me as in front of me, so I kept on toward Paris.

As you know, we (that's my ship and I) took off rather suddenly. We had a report somewhere around 4 o'clock in the afternoon before that the weather would be fine, so we thought we would try it.

We had been told we might expect good weather mostly during the whole of the way. But we struck fog and rain over the coast not far from the start. Actually, it was comparatively easy to get to Newfoundland, but real bad weather began just about dark, after leaving Newfoundland, and continued until about four hours after daybreak. We hadn't expected that at all, and it sort of took us by surprise, morally and physically. That was when I began to think about turning back.

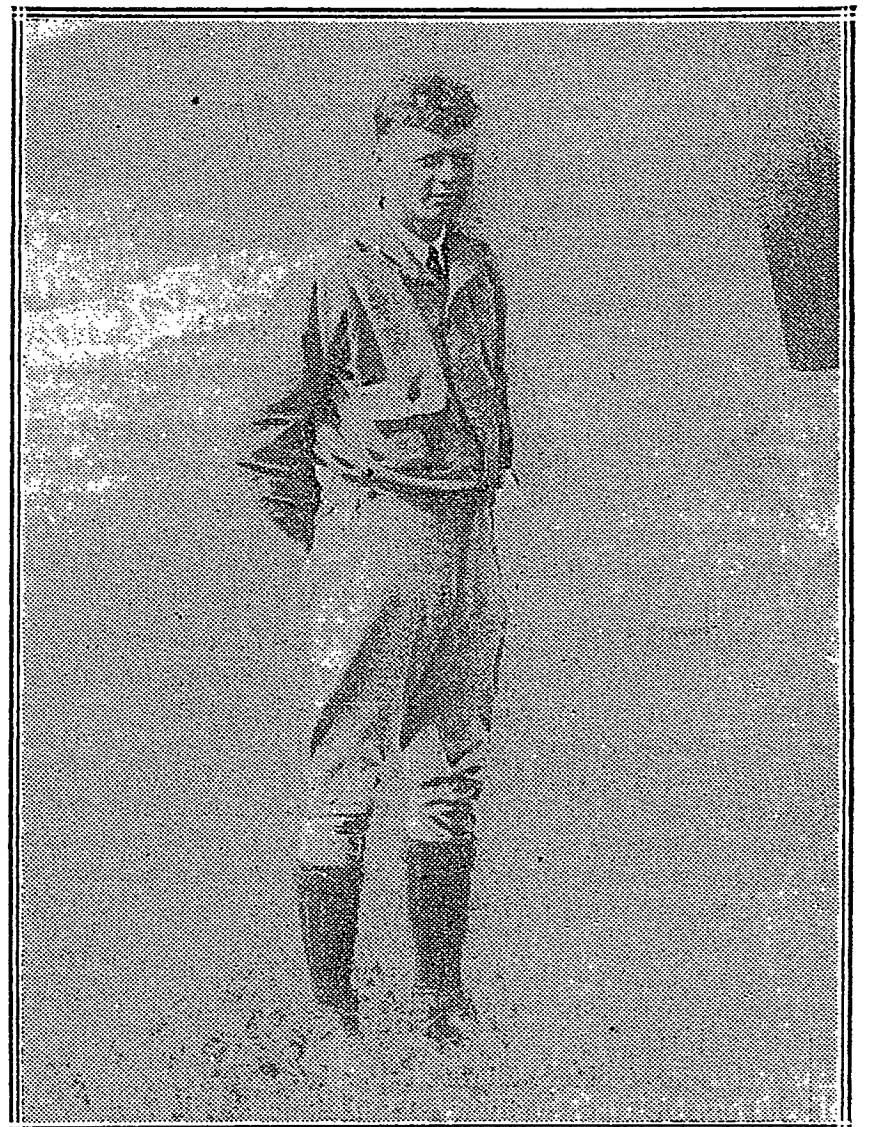
In Serious Danger From a Sleet Storm.

Then sleet began, and, as all aviators know, in a sleet storm one may be forced down in a very few minutes. It got worse and worse. There, above and below me, and on both sides, was that driving storm. I made several detours trying to get out of it, but in vain. I flew as low as ten feet above the water and then mounted up to ten thousand feet. Along toward morning the storm eased off, and I came down to a comparatively low level.

I had seen one ship just before losing sight of Newfoundland, and I saw the glow of several others afterward through the mist and storm. During the day I saw no ships until near Ireland.

I had, as I said, no trouble before I hit the storm I referred to. We had taken off at 7:55 in the morning. The field was slightly damp and soft, so the take-off was longer than it would have been otherwise. I had no trouble getting over the houses and trees. I kept out of the way of every obstacle and was careful not to take any unnecessary chances. As soon as I cleared everything, the motor was throttled down to three-fourths and kept there during the whole flight, except when I tried to climb over the storm.

Checked His Course at Newfoundland. Soon after starting I was out of sight of land for 300 miles, from Cape Cod over the sea to Nova Scotia. The motor was acting perfectly and was carrying well the huge load of 451 gallons of gasoline and 20 gallons of oil, which gave my ship the greatest cruising radius of any plane of its type. I passed over St. John's, N. F., purposely going out of my



THE MAN WHO DID IT.
Captain Charles A. Lindbergh in a Characteristic Pose.

way a few miles to check up. I went right through the narrow pass, going down so low that it could be definitely established where I was at that hour. That was the last place I saw before taking to the open sea.

I had made preparations before I started for a forced landing if it became necessary, but after I started I never thought much about the possibility of such a landing. I was ready for it, but I saw no use thinking about it, inasmuch as one place would have been about as good or as bad as another.

Despite the talk about my periscope, I had no trouble in regard to visibility. The view I had on both sides was quite good enough for navigating the ocean, and the purpose of the periscope was only to enable me to see any obstacle directly in front of me. The periscope was useful in starting from New York and landing in Paris. Other than that I used it very little. I kept a map in front of me and an instrument showing practically where I was all of the time.

Flew Over an Iceberg Zone.

Shortly after leaving Newfoundland I began to see icebergs. There was a low fog and even though it I could make out bergs clearly. It began to get very cold, but I was well prepared for cold. I had on ordinary flying clothing, but I was down in the cockpit, which protected me, and I never suffered from the weather.

Within an hour after leaving the coast it became dark. Then I struck clouds and decided to try to get over them. For a while I succeeded, at a height of 10,000 feet. I flew at this height until early morning. The engine was working beautifully and I was not sleepy at all. I felt just as if I was driving a motorcar over a smooth road, only it was easier.

Then it began to get light and the clouds got higher. I went under some and over others. There was sleet in all of those clouds and the sleet began to cling to the plane. That worried me a great deal and I debated whether I should keep on or go back. I decided. I must not think any more about going back. I realized that it was henceforth only a question of getting there. It was too far to turn back.

Thought of the Air Mail Fliers Back Home.

The engine was working perfectly and that cheered me. I was going along a hundred miles an hour and I knew that if the motor kept on turning I would get there. After that I thought only about navigating, and then I thought that I wasn't so badly off after all.

It was true that the flight was thirty-four hours long, and that at almost any moment in it a forced landing might be what you might call "rather interesting," but I remembered that the flying boys, I knew back home spent some hours almost every week in bad flying when a forced landing would have been just as bad for them as a forced landing would have been for me. Those boys don't get credit for it; that's all, and without doubt in a few years many people will be taking just as many chances as I took.

The only real danger I had was at night. In the daytime I knew where I was going, but in the evening and at night it was largely a matter of guesswork. However, my instruments were so good that I never could get more than 200 miles off my course, and that was easy to correct, and I had enough extra gasoline to take care of a number of such deviations. All in all, the trip over the Atlantic, especially the latter half, was much better than I expected. Laymen have made a great deal of the fact that I sailed without a navigator and without the ordinary stock of navigation instruments, but my real director was my earth inductor